

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 256.]

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1856.

[PRICE 1d.]



JULIA OUT OF HER ELEMENT AMONG THE SCANDAL-MONGERS.

JULIA CUNNINGHAME;

OR, THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

CHAPTER XI.—A DISH OF SCANDAL.

"We took our work, and went, you see,

To take a friendly cup of tea."—JANE TAYLOR.

THE remainder of my story is soon told, said
No. 256, 1856.

Mary Aubrey, with a bright smile. I was no longer a desolate, friendless orphan, without love, without sympathy. A rich, warm, gushing stream of kindly affection seemed to pour into my heart, from the first moment in which I found myself in

B B B

the quiet, genial home of the noble-hearted Doctor, and his sweet and gentle sister. There was no coldness, no hauteur, no chilling distance of manner towards the poor dependent governess, but a constant flow of delicate and tender solicitude, of refined and disinterested attention, which evidently sprung from hearts that experienced an exquisite delight in loving the unloved, and comforting the sorrowful.

I was very ill after my removal to Dr. Warburton's, but pain and weariness were alike forgotten in an excess of joy and gratitude. It was so sweet, after several long years of loneliness and desolation, to be taken to the home and hearts of two of the tenderest of human kind. They treated me as a beloved daughter, and in them I seemed to have regained my departed parents.

They would not hear of my leaving them, even after I had perfectly recovered. "Stay with us," said the kind Doctor; "we are getting old; we have no children to love us; stay, and be a daughter to us, Mary, and cheer us in our old age."

I threw my arms round him, for my heart was too full to speak, and, as he pressed me to him, and tenderly blessed me, I felt like a child again, and the void within, which had been yearning so long for love and sympathy, seemed full to overflowing. The next year of my life passed rapidly away. It was like a flood of calm sunshine after the darkness of a terrible storm. Then I met Charles Aubrey. With the rest of my history you are already acquainted.

"Oh! that kind old Doctor," exclaimed Julia, in a burst of girlish enthusiasm, when her cousin had ceased speaking; "I feel as if I could gladly walk a hundred miles only to get a sight of him. Poor, dear Mary," she added, "throwing her arms round her friend, "and you were pining and sorrowing alone with that unfeeling employer, without a word of comfort or a look of kindness; but it is all over now."

After spending a month at the Grange, the young couple returned to the house, which, during their absence, had been nicely prepared for them. It was not half a mile from Dr. Warburton's, and Mary still retained the pleasure and privilege of frequent intercourse with her amiable and beloved benefactors.

Since Mr. Egerton's arrival in America, he had written several times to Mr. Cunningham, telling him of his plans and prospects, and asking his advice. Business, he said, would detain him for a full year in America; at the end of that time, it was the most cherished desire of his heart to return to England and settle in the neighbourhood of his valued friends.

Poor Mr. Egerton! He was a man of few words—he seldom expressed all that he felt—he had seen too much of the hard, cold, heartless world to do that. He had discovered that many of the polite and smiling acquaintances who courted him in his prosperity, who flattered and caressed him with so much apparent devotion, were nothing better than well-bred and elegant hypocrites. He was thoughtful and discerning; he looked beyond words and smiles; he did not trust to appearances, which so often had proved false and treacherous; but he longed and panted for such a friend as he had once possessed in his long-lost sister.

He had generous affections, but they were not at the mercy of every fashionable deceiver. They were locked and guarded, and, until his visit to the Cunninghames', no one had discovered the key to them, for no one with whom he had hitherto associated had possessed the capability of discerning and appreciating the valuable and intrinsic qualities, which, like a deep vein of precious ore, lay hidden beneath a frequently impenetrable exterior.

Mr. Cunningham was a man of the same calibre, and he at once felt drawn and united to a kindred spirit. He loved and pitied Frank Egerton, especially when he discovered that the void in his affectionate heart, created by the death of his sister, had never yet been filled. Perhaps Mr. Cunningham had some lurking desire that one whom he had known and loved as a boy, and now admired and respected as a man, might become united to him by still nearer and dearer ties than those of mere congeniality and friendship. Be that as it may, it is very certain that he quietly but delightedly looked forward to the time, so ardently desired by Frank Egerton himself, of receiving and welcoming him as a permanent neighbour.

And Mr. Egerton, had he no similar hopes and yearnings? Let the day-dreams, and night-dreams too, in which the sweet countenance of Julia ever shone in all its thoughtful and womanly loveliness, answer for him. Not a day, not an hour passed, in which the sometimes desponding, sometimes sanguine hope, which had become the one cherished desire of his heart, did not again and again recur to his mind, banishing, for the time, every other idea.

In the meantime, Julia herself was quietly and faithfully treading the path of her domestic and social duties. It is true they were simple and unostentatious, but not the less important and useful. Every day added to her knowledge and experience, and taught her some fresh lesson of patience and self-denial. She felt increasingly that she was not sent into the world to live for herself alone, to follow her own fancies, and gratify her own desires; but that she had a mission to perform, and a sphere to occupy, not only as regarded her own family, but her friends and neighbours as well, whether rich or poor. Sometimes a sense of duty led her among those whom taste and inclination would rather have inclined her to avoid. She found, by daily experience, that few minds are altogether congenial, that we have much to bear with in one another, and that there is a constant call for the charity "which is not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil." Within a short walk of the Grange stood the little country town of Stanfield. It consisted of one long street, intersected at intervals by several smaller ones. There were about a dozen shops of different kinds, three public-houses, and a large national school. Stanfield also boasted of two doctors and a lawyer, as well as several retired tradesmen.

The main street was very irregularly built; large substantial-looking houses standing close to little hucksters' shops or labourers' cottages. Londoners would have considered Stanfield a remarkably dull place; but the inhabitants themselves found

plenty to do, and plenty to talk about; the place was not dull to them, for they had been born and bred there (most of them), and, in general, all their thoughts and ideas were confined to what was going on in their own locality.

Among the limited number of inhabitants, there was a large proportion of that class of persons always thickly sprinkled in every town and village throughout the kingdom, and distinguished by the name of gossippers. Among these was a single and rather elderly lady, who lived in a neat, compact little house, just at the entrance of the main street. Miss Dickenson spent a great part of her time in peeping over the blind of her parlour window. It was her post of observation, and, herself screened from the public gaze, she had an excellent opportunity of seeing every one that passed, and of making her own comments upon every face and figure that she chanced to see. Miss Dickenson was acquainted with every inhabitant of the town; she knew all their circumstances, the exact amount of their incomes, and a great many of their private affairs; and, like all gossippers, she was not at all disposed to keep her knowledge to herself; in fact, she very much resembled the Athenians of old, who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Miss Dickenson was not an ill-natured person; far from it. No one was more ready to help a neighbour in distress; and, as she had plenty of leisure, she was always willing to nurse a sick child, sit with a nervous invalid, or read to a dim-sighted old gentleman.

At one time the Dickensons had been a wealthy and respectable family, and consequently their only living representative, though much reduced in worldly circumstances, was still looked upon as a lady. Miss Dickenson had a little knot of friends like-minded with herself, who often came to see her and sit with her, especially if they had any news to communicate. There was Mrs. Smithson, the lawyer's wife; Mrs. Cooper, the widow of a retired linen-draper, and several others; and among these good ladies there was a constant interchange both of visiting and newsmongering.

One fine summer's evening, soon after the Aubreys had left Mr. Cunningham's, Julia walked over to old Mrs. Gardener's. She found her much as usual, and seated in her easy chair, in what she called her "summer quarters"—namely, established by a large window, which overlooked her pretty little garden. A smile passed over her face as her young friend entered the room. "Who would think," said Julia to herself, "to look at her countenance, that the poor old lady suffers such constant pain?"

Half an hour passed away very quickly; for Julia had a good deal to communicate about the Aubreys and their recent visit. At last, when she paused for a while, Mrs. Gardener said:

"Have you heard of poor Miss Dickenson's trouble?"

"What, the death of her mother?" replied Julia.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Gardener; "she'll feel it very much, I'm sure, though she must have been expecting it this long while; for the poor old lady has been childish for years; but Miss Dickenson certainly was an excellent daughter, and, so

fond as she was of her mother, I'm sure she must be sadly cut up. You'll call and see her, Julia?"

"I hardly know," said Julia, in a hesitating voice; "the truth is, papa does not wish me to get very intimate with Miss Dickenson; he thinks her such an inveterate gossip. Still, now she is in trouble, if I thought she would take it kind—"

"She would, I am sure she would," interrupted Mrs. Gardener; "she was saying a few weeks ago, when she called upon me, that she hardly ever saw you; do call on her, poor thing."

"I will, certainly, if papa has no objection," said Julia, as she rose to take her leave.

It was decided at home that Julia should call on Miss Dickenson; and accordingly she did; and her kind feelings were at once excited by the sight of the poor lady's evident distress. "People seem to think," she said, "that because my poor dear mother was old, and had grown childish, I can't miss her much; but they are greatly mistaken. I miss her every hour of the day; she was my mother, and a good mother while she had it in her power to be so; and I can't forget it all, and wouldn't wish to do so."

Julia's interest and sympathy were so apparent, that Miss Dickenson felt, as she said, "quite comforted" by her visit, and begged that she would walk over some afternoon and take tea with her, which she promised to do.

A few weeks afterwards, Miss Dickenson (who had not forgotten Julia's promise) sent to say, that if Miss Cunningham were disengaged on Friday afternoon, she should be very glad of her company to tea.

On the appointed day Mr. Cunningham, who was driving through Stanfield, took his daughter with him in the carriage, and set her down at Miss Dickenson's door, promising to call for her in the evening.

When Julia entered the little parlour, (after taking off her things), she was surprised, and a little annoyed, to find several of Miss Dickenson's friends seated there, and evidently come to tea. She herself was apparently considered the lion of the party, and treated accordingly. As the eldest daughter of an influential gentleman, she was looked upon as a very important addition to Miss Dickenson's ordinary knot of visitors. But poor Julia felt sadly out of her element, and wished a hundred times that Miss Dickenson had never asked her, or else that she had abstained from honouring her with the addition of other guests. For a short time there was an awkward silence, only broken by an occasional remark on the weather—the unfailing topic when people can find nothing else to speak about; but at last the ladies seemed to think that, as they had met together to talk, they had better begin at once; and, accordingly, Mrs. Smithson set the example by asking Miss Dickenson if she had heard that Miss Oakley and John Simmonds had made a match at last, and were to be married in September.

"Why, you don't say so!" exclaimed Miss Dickenson; "she must be twenty years older than he is."

"Oh, full that," chimed in Mrs. Cooper, "if not more; it is her money, you know, that has

brought it about; but I have my doubts whether John Simmonds won't find he's caught; she'll have it all settled upon herself, depend upon it, before she marries him: he won't finger much of her money."

"How wonderfully well her school answered!" said Miss Dickenson; "she began with next to nothing—just had a few day scholars, and then began to take boarders, and by degrees her school increased, till she had as many as thirty pupils in the house at once."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Smithson, pressing her lips together, "and she knew how to make the most of them too; she was such a screw. Betsy Harris, who lived with her as cook for a year, told me that when there were between thirty and forty mouths in the house, they had only four pounds of butter a-week. Think of that; and so much bread-and-butter as children eat, too."

"It must have been what they call bread-and-scrape," said Mrs. Cooper; "but I can quite believe it: she never could have made the money she did, and in such a short time too, if she hadn't been mighty careful in her housekeeping."

At this moment tea was brought in, and interrupted the conversation.

"Where do you get your tea, Miss Dickenson?" asked Mrs. Smithson.

"At Mr. Wright's," replied the lady addressed; "I find it the best, on the whole."

"I don't know but it is," returned Mrs. Smithson; "but lately I've got my son in London to send me twenty pounds at a time, and I find it answers best; I get it cheaper, and it is better tea than I can meet with here. I never go to Wright's, he played me such a nasty trick once, and I told him at the time I'd never go into his shop again, and I've kept my word too; he's as great a cheat as ever lived."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Cooper; "well, I always thought him very fair dealing."

"*He* fair dealing!" cried Mrs. Smithson, with a knowing shake of the head; "depend upon it, he'll cheat you all he can, if you're not up to him; but I'm too many for him, and he knows it now. Now I'll just tell you what a shabby trick he played me. I went in one day, and saw a nice piece of cheese on the counter, and I tasted it, and liked it very much. So I told him to weigh it and send it home for me; and in the evening I told Mary to bring it in for supper. Well, if you'll believe me, the piece he sent was as different as possible to what I tasted—a nasty, poor thing, not worth threepence a pound; so I sent it back, and said it was the wrong piece, and then he made up some story about his being out of the way when it was sent, and the shopman having made a mistake; but I didn't believe a word of it, and don't now."

"Well, really, how one may be cheated!" said Miss Dickenson.

"Yes, if you are not up to their tricks," replied Mrs. Smithson; "but, as I say, I'm too many for them, and it is no easy matter to overreach me. Miss Cunningham, let me pass your cup; won't you take another piece of muffin?"

"What was it you were telling Miss Dickenson about when I came in?" inquired Mrs. Cooper of Mrs. Smithson.

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Dickenson, holding up

her hands, "you'll be shocked when you know: I'm sure I could hardly believe my ears. Do tell it, Mrs. Smithson."

"Well, it must go no further," said Mrs. Smithson in a low tone, looking round the table: "it was told me confidentially, and it is not a thing to be talked about. You know Mr. Jennings, of Hill Farm?"

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Cooper, putting down her cup and looking all attention.

"Well, you know, his old father died lately, rather suddenly."

"So I heard," returned Mrs. Cooper.

"Every one thought he died of apoplexy," continued Mrs. Smithson; "but a man of the name of Evans, that worked on the farm and had to go in the house sometimes, says he's pretty sure the old gentleman was hurried out of the world towards the last. He says no one ever went near him but Jennings and his wife, and every one knows what sort of a woman she is."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Cooper; "why, I thought she was quite a pious Christian woman."

"So she'd have everybody think," said Mrs. Smithson; "but, dear, dear, there's so much hypocrisy in the world; she's a deep woman, is Mrs. Jennings; no doubt she'd an eye to the poor old man's money, when she kept him shut up so close, and wouldn't let any one go near him but herself."

"Why, I always understood that the old man hadn't any money," said Miss Dickenson, "but that he was quite dependent upon his son."

"Ah! so they would have people imagine," rejoined Mrs. Smithson, looking very mysterious; "but Thomas Evans told me himself, when he came to do up our garden, that he has no doubt but what the old man had plenty of money, only everything was kept so secret."

"Well, really," exclaimed Mrs. Cooper, "it quite makes one's blood run cold to hear of such wickedness."

"Ah! indeed," echoed Miss Dickenson, "and especially when people make so much profession, and pretend to so much piety."

During this strange recital, Julia had been sitting in mute astonishment. She knew that every word was false and utterly unfounded, and she was thinking how she could best clear up the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, and explain the seeming mystery. At last she ventured to say:—

"If your information came from Thomas Evans, Mrs. Smithson, you may be quite sure that he has been guilty of wilful and deliberate falsehood. He is a man of very bad character; and since Mr. Jennings had him taken up for poaching, and after that turned him away for stealing corn, he has shown a determination to do all the harm he could to Mr. Jennings, and no doubt he has made up this falsehood about the old man's death entirely out of spite; and a most malicious and wicked falsehood it is."

"Well, Miss Cunningham," replied Mrs. Smithson, bridling up—for she did not like her authority to be called into question—"I can only say that, even if Thomas Evans is a bad man, still that does not clear up the mystery of the poor old gentleman being kept so close, and no one ever seeing him hardly, but Mrs. Jennings."

"I believe I can explain everything quite satisfactorily," replied Julia. "I know Mrs. Jennings very well indeed, for she was housekeeper for many years in the family of an intimate friend of ours. She is an excellent woman, and utterly incapable of such an awful crime as that wicked man would attribute to her. The father of Mr. Jennings had been a very wild and dissipated man, and had brought himself to absolute poverty. None of his other children would notice him, or receive him; but his health failed so much, and he was so destitute, that Mrs. Jennings persuaded her husband to give him a home, and he did so, entirely on account of her solicitations. She was most kind and attentive to the old man, and he became so fond of her, that he could not bear any one else to do the least thing for him, and, on that account, she waited upon him herself to the very last. But it is quite untrue that no one was suffered to see him; both papa and Mr. Clementson visited him for some weeks before he died, to read and talk to him: and he always expressed the greatest gratitude to his daughter-in-law, who, he said, had been the best friend he ever had."

"Now, really, to think of that man making up such a falsehood," said Miss Dickenson, when Julia had finished speaking, "and all out of spite! I wonder he's not afraid of being prosecuted for defamation."

"It shows that one ought to be careful how one believes such people's reports," said Mrs. Cooper, as if she had just discovered something that had never struck her before.

"Yes," said Julia, quietly, "a great deal of serious mischief may be done by receiving and repeating a report, without being fully assured of its accuracy."

"That's intended for me, I suppose," thought Mrs. Smithson, as she sat silent in her arm-chair, still feeling vexed and mortified that the piece of news which she had expected would be the grand topic of conversation and speculation had been proved undeniably false and unfounded. Mrs. Smithson had not learned the great and important lesson which teaches us "not to rejoice in iniquity." She rejoiced in anything that gave her something to talk about, however bad it might be. Detraction formed the greatest part of her conversation. She had something to say against every one she knew; it seemed a real pleasure to her to "pick holes in her neighbours' coats." She had an ill-natured way, when any one was praised, of throwing in a word to counterbalance, as it were, whatever had been said in their commendation.

Julia felt an intuitive shrinking from any farther acquaintance with this backbiting lady; and when at an early hour in the evening her father called for her and took her home with him, she felt thankful to be delivered both from her tongue and her presence.

"Well, what do you think of her?" inquired Miss Dickenson of her friends, as soon as the door had closed upon Julia.

"She is uncommonly genteel and superior," said Mrs. Cooper in an admiring tone. "Any one would take her to be a lady, although she dresses so plainly. She has beautiful eyes, and I never saw a sweeter expression."

"Yes," said Miss Dickenson, "and she has a pretty ladylike figure, too, has she not?"

"Very," returned Mrs. Cooper; "I don't know that I ever saw a girl I admired more."

"Well, I can't say that I admire her," said Mrs. Smithson, whose spleen had been longing for an opportunity of venting itself ever since Julia's departure. "I can't say that I admire her; she's proud and high, I can see, and thinks a good deal of herself, evidently. I've no doubt she thought it quite a piece of condescension to sit down and take tea with us. For my part, I like neither her face nor her figure. I can't bear girls that set up for being so much better than others."

"But I don't think she does," argued Miss Dickenson; "she seems very humble and modest—anything but forward, I think; in fact, I must say there's something about her that I like uncommonly. How kind, to be sure, she was to me when she called, just after my poor mother died! I'm sure I felt quite grateful to her, she showed so much sympathy and spoke so sweetly and comfortably."

"Words don't cost much," said Mrs. Smithson in an oracular tone. "I don't like such oily-tongued people; one can never get to the bottom of them."

We will not trouble our readers by relating any more of the conversation that passed between Miss Dickenson and her friends. Enough has been given to show the general tenour of their intercourse, which unhappily consisted for the most part in gossiping tattle and unlimited scandal. We hope to be pardoned for the introduction of so uninteresting a scene, when we state that our only object in describing it was to expose the littleness as well as the mischievous tendency of such communications, and to caution our young readers especially against imbibing a taste for so contemptible a habit as that of mere idle gossiping—a habit alike inimical to our own well-being, as well as to that of our fellow creatures, and which is plainly and emphatically forbidden and condemned in the Word of God. It must be confessed that women are far more addicted to this failing than men; therefore it becomes them to be particularly upon their guard against it, and to keep a strict and vigilant watch over that "little" but troublesome member, the tongue, which we are told, in the powerful language of Scripture, is "a world of iniquity."

When Julia returned home with her father, after her visit to Miss Dickenson's, she found, to her great delight, that Captain Rushton and Emily Grey had arrived during her absence. They were going to Paris, where they were to pass several months, and had just "run down," as Mr. Rushton said, to have a peep at their friends before their embarkation.

Emily had entirely recovered from the effects of her illness, and looked better and happier than Julia had ever known her look before. There was evidently an excellent understanding between Emily and her uncle, who seemed to regard his niece with increasing tenderness and affection, while she, on her part, appeared to love him with all the devotion of a daughter.

"He is so truly estimable and so increasingly

kind to me," said Emily to her friend, as they sat talking together alone in Julia's bed-room. "I really did not know or appreciate half his excellencies till after we went to Torquay together. I feared we should never suit each other, and that we should never in any degree become congenial; but I fear," she added, while a slight blush passed over her face, "that it was in a great measure owing to my own selfishness. I never until lately exerted myself to please my uncle or to meet his tastes, which I thought could never possibly agree with mine. It was a remark that you made during your kind visit, Julia, that led me to think differently. It was something to this effect, that even we girls ought not to live merely to please ourselves. It struck me very much, I remember, at the time, and I never forgot it. I was led to examine my own conduct, and I soon discovered how much there was to correct and alter, and how selfishly I was acting in so constantly neglecting to study my uncle's habits and predilections. Then, when I experienced day after day more and more of his love and kindness, I felt quite self-condemned—I felt as if I had really been ungrateful, and I longed to tell him so, but I could not summon courage. At last one day, after I had begun to get a great deal better, and was able to walk out a little, we were sitting together before the open window and looking out on the bay, and quite suddenly he took my hand between both his own, saying, in his kind manner, 'Emmy, dear, how much better you seem this afternoon!' and oh! Julia, he looked and spoke so like my mother just at that moment, that it quite overcame me. I started up and threw my arms round his neck, and told him how sorry I was that I had not been more grateful for his kindness; but he would not let me say any more. He kissed me and blessed me over and over again, and we both cried together; for you have no idea, Julia, how tender and affectionate his feelings are, though he seems so rough and off-hand. Since then we have been very happy together, and our evenings have been pleasant and cheerful. And I am very thankful to tell you that he has dismissed that dirty, careless cook, and has got Hannah another situation; for she was very clumsy and ignorant, and required a more experienced mistress; and now we have two very nice servants, and I have begun to look after everything, and I really feel quite interested in it, which I feared I never should; but I do believe, as you once said to me, that there is real pleasure in the faithful performance of one's daily duties and employments—far more than in selfishly seeking one's own ease and inclination."

After a week at the Grange, Captain Rushton and his nieces left their kind entertainers and set sail for Paris, where for the present we will leave them.

ANOTHER GROUP OF MEMORIAL FLOWERS.*

I HAVE said there are many other "sunny memories," connected with the flowers of the garden and the field, which I would gladly relate; and it

seems to me that some readers of the "Leisure Hour" may perchance not be indisposed to listen to a story of "the golden violet of Toulouse."

Who does not know that the poetry, the romance, the scenery of every country is embroidered with the violet, from Caledonia, "stern and wild," to Arcadia, the poet-land of pastoral innocence and peace. Proverbial as its roses were the violets of Pæstum, and Martial mentions them together with the honey of the Hybla. This "first-born child of the early sun" is, with us, but a wintry flower, and scarcely lingers long enough to feel the breath of spring, seeming, with modest grace, to shrink from entering the lists with the myriad blossoms that then display their charms and shed their fragrance. Yet is it pre-eminently

"That flower of flowers, beloved of most;"

and as we

"Pluck the others, we still remember
Their herald out of dim December—
The morning-star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours;
Nor, 'mid the roses, e'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet."

The very same individual species has been the object of homage in the most distant countries, and was early dedicated to the service of the Muses by the ancient bards of the south, the Troubadours of Provence, who selected it as a model for the golden prize to be bestowed on their most successful poet.

It is recorded that, in the year 1323, seven persons "of condition," lovers of poetry, assembled in a garden in the city of Toulouse; and there, assuming the title of "*La gaie Société des Troubadours de Toulouse*," addressed a circular letter to all the Provençal poets, inviting them to meet at Toulouse, on May-day following, there to recite their verses, promising a violet of gold to him whose poem should be pronounced the best. The letter itself was written in Provençal rhyme. The invitation it gave was accepted; the assembly met on the appointed day, and thus was laid the foundation of an institution which, in later times, became known under the name of the Academy of Floral Games.

A register of these games is kept at Toulouse, in which this account of their origin is given. The design was so much approved by the chief magistrates, that it was resolved to continue it at the city charges; and this was carried into effect in a manner which did honour to the place. About the year 1540, a wealthy lady of Toulouse by her will appropriated a considerable portion of her property to perpetuate the custom, and bear the expense of the prizes. She added other flowers to be given for various kinds of composition, as the ode, the idyl, the sonnet, and the oration. These flowers were to be of silver gilt, a cubit high, and fixed on a pedestal of the same metal, bearing the arms of the city engraved upon it. Of the festival and its ceremonies a lively picture is given by Marmontel, in his entertaining *Memoirs*.

This writer was himself one of those flowers of genius which are occasionally seen springing up in the bosom of obscurity. Born in a remote village, in the south of France, the child of poor but virtuous parents, Marmontel had many difficulties

* See "Leisure Hour," No. 246.

to contend with in his early days. His mother, to whom he was most tenderly attached, appears to have been a woman of taste and sensibility far superior to her station; and from her language and sentiments he first imbibed a desire after mental cultivation. Through her influence the lad was sent to the College of Mauriac, where he received the most valuable part of his education, and experienced so much kindness and encouragement from one of the teachers, Malosse by name, as made a lasting impression upon his heart. He was afterwards removed to the University of Toulouse; and while there, chancing one day to turn over a volume of the poems to which the palm had been awarded at the Floral Games, he was surprised at the value and beauty of the prizes. "These flowers of gold and silver—how much would it delight me," thought the youth, "to present my mother with a bouquet of them! And how charmed would she be at receiving such a proof of my superior attainments!" At once the wish to become a poet sprung up in his breast, and he immediately determined to try if he could produce an ode. Filial affection, rather than selfish vanity, was the spur to his ambition, and thus stimulated, he applied himself diligently to poetical composition, and was many times a successful candidate at the Floral Games.

The last time he contended for the prize, he sent in five pieces—an ode, two poems, and two idylls. There were but three prizes that year distributed by the Academy, and they were all awarded to him. Now, as the people of Toulouse had no idea of any literary success more brilliant than that which was obtained at their Academy, the public assembly for the distribution of the prizes was looked upon as of the utmost importance, and attended with all the pomp and splendour usual at a grand solemnity. Three deputies from Parliament presided, and the chief magistrates with the corporation of the city were present, habited in their robes of state. The hall itself, in the form of an amphitheatre, was crowded with the aristocracy of the neighbourhood, and the fairest ladies ranged themselves on the front rows, while the select youth of the university occupied the pit around the academic circle. The hall, which was very spacious and lofty, was adorned with garlands of flowers and laurels, and each time that a prize was awarded the city trumpets made the air resound with the loud notes of triumph.

Marmontel was aware beforehand of his success; and he confesses that as he repaired that day to the hall of assembly, his heart palpitated with such transports of vanity as he could not afterwards recall to mind without a blush of confusion. The judges entered, and silence prevailed throughout the assembly. Then followed the Eloge of Clemence Isaure, yearly pronounced at the foot of her statue, which stood in the hall, crowned with a chaplet of evergreens, and wreathed with a girdle of the most exquisite flowers. After these honours to the memory of the lady-patroness had been duly performed, the adjudication of the prizes commenced. As it was known that Marmontel had offered an ode, everybody pitied the disappointment of the young poet when it was announced that the prize for the ode was withheld.

But next the title of the successful poem was announced; and at the words, "Let the author come forward," Marmontel arose and received the golden violet, the first prize of the society. Loud applause greeted him on every side, and he heard some one say: "He missed once, but has gained his point the second time. It is plain he has more than one arrow to his bow." He then modestly resumed his seat, amidst the loud flourish of trumpets. Presently the second poem was named, on which the Academy had bestowed the prize of eloquence. Again the author was summoned, and again Marmontel arose. The applauses redoubled when he was thus seen a second time victorious. Hardly had he resumed his place, when the successful idyll was announced; and then again, for the third time, our young candidate arose, and gracefully advancing, received the third and last prize. So great was now the enthusiasm of the spectators, that had he composed some of the most renowned *chefs d'œuvre* of genius, he could hardly have been more loudly applauded. The excitement rose to its highest pitch; the men bore him aloft round the hall in their arms, and the women embraced him with smiles and sweet praises.

It was indeed a scene of triumphant success; but one simple incident that occurred touched the heart of the victorious young poet more sensibly than all the admiration so freely lavished upon him. He has related that, amid the noise and confusion that prevailed, he suddenly perceived two long black arms uplifted and extended towards him. His eager glance was turned in that direction, and presently espied, among the sea of faces, that of his old teacher, Malosse, whom he had not seen for eight long years. In an instant Marmontel disengaged himself, and, rushing forward, forced his way through the crowd, and, throwing himself into the arms of his beloved instructor, held out his prizes to him, exclaiming, "Take them all, my father; they are yours, for to you I owe them all." The worthy man was unable to speak; but his eyes uplifted, and glistening with tears, bespoke the emotion of his heart. "Ah! my children," cries Marmontel, addressing his narrative to them, "I felt at that moment more true pleasure than all the honours of the floral triumph had afforded me. What interests the heart is always sweet, and gives us pleasure through the whole course of our lives, while that which merely flatters the pride of our genius is after all but a vain dream, which we blush to think we once too fondly cherished."

So much for the violet of Toulouse; and now, before bidding farewell to this sweet and simple flower, I must remind my readers of the eulogium Lord Bacon has passed on it in his delightful chapter on gardens. "Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, *where it comes and goes like the warbling of music*, than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for delight than to know what be the flowers that do best perfume the air; and the one that above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, especially the white double violet, which comes twice a year—about the middle of April and about Bartholomew-tide."

Another philosopher has added his tribute of praise to the same odour-breathing flower. Chris-

topher North, in one of his monologues, says: "Scholars love to soothe their souls in quietude with something scholarly; and how pleasant to gather a flower or two from the Pierian spring! In the deepest day of our winter no snow lies there; that margin is ever green; and the smell, believe us, of those white violets, sinks into the spirit with oblivion of all worldly cares, yet with renovation of all its faculties, seeming to 'breathe empyreal air,' and fitter for the 'noise of earth returning from the calm of heaven.' Breathed there ever," he goes on to ask, "a man with soul so dead as not to love flowers?"

Oh, no: flowers are, indeed, a delight to all. By some they are, perhaps, valued merely for their beauty and fragrance; while to others their best and most cherished delight consists in the varied pleasurable associations and thoughts they suggest; and, foremost of these, is the assurance they give us of the infinite goodness and loving-kindness of God, and also of his superintending providence and minute care. We have all heard how the sight of a little blooming flower amid the African wilds, reanimated the drooping spirits of the adventurous traveller, Mungo Park, at a moment when he was ready to sink. "Has God so carefully provided for and so exquisitely wrought and adorned this little flower, and will he not much more care for me?" was the thought that saved him from yielding to despondency and death.

This incident recalls to my mind a somewhat similar one related by the late Bishop (then Mr.) Stanley, in his narrative of an adventure which befell him when travelling amid the Alps of Switzerland in the year 1818. He arrived in the village of Martigny a few days after that memorable catastrophe by which, from the bursting of its icy mounds, the extensive lake of Mauvoisin was in an instant let loose, pouring forth its waters into the peaceful and fruitful valley of the Drance,* and spreading death and desolation around. Excited by mingled compassion and curiosity, the traveller determined to follow the devastation to its source, and learn by personal observation the nature and extent of the calamity. While carrying out this purpose, he was unexpectedly placed in circumstances of imminent peril. Some part of the road it was necessary to traverse was represented to be passable by horses; but on arriving at a certain ford, by which alone the stream could be crossed, it was found that the waters had risen so much as to preclude all transit. "Is there no other way?" inquired the disappointed traveller. He was answered by the two guides that there was indeed one way beside, but it was a *mauvais pas*, and could only be crossed by such as possessed steady nerves and a strong head; for "if you slip, you are lost." Nothing daunted by these ominous words, he signified his willingness to try this path, if they had made up their minds to guide him, to which they assented. For a time all went well; and it was not till retreat was impossible, that the formidable nature of the pass was fully revealed. At length the *mauvais pas*, in all its fearfulness, glared upon him.

"Conceive," he says, "an amphitheatre of wall, forming throughout a bare, barren, perpendicular

precipice, of I know not how many feet in height; the two extremities diminishing in altitude as they approached the Drance, which formed the chord of this arc. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing without intermission till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right; the only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches: the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock which had from time immemorial shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly projecting shelf. The distance, I guessed from the time taken to pass it, was not far short of a quarter of a mile." What a situation! A semiquaver of the body, or a loosening of the hold, would have sufficed to send the adventurous wanderer headlong into the valley beneath, through which the river was just visible, and meandering like a silver thread; its swift current invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard, at that immense height.

After very touchingly alluding to the train of thought and emotion that rapidly passed through his bosom at that awful moment, Mr. Stanley adds, that in the midst of all, when every sense seemed absorbed in anxiety to reach the end of the terrific pass, a trifling incident occurred which actually for the time gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway he espied, in the chink of the ledge, the beautiful and dazzling blossom of the little *Gentiana nivalis** (Alpine gentian); and, stopping the guides while he gathered it, he expressed his satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower in such a spot. From that moment, these simple mountaineers, pleased to have an object which would divert the attention of their companion from the dangers of his situation, endeavoured to turn it to the best account by pointing out, or looking for, another specimen whenever the difficulties increased. At length, desirous to learn what farther perils lay before him, he questioned one of his guides, who was beginning to dilate upon the subject, when the other impatiently interrupted him, and, in French instead of *patois*, (forgetting in his eagerness that the stranger understood every word,) exclaimed: "Speak not to him of dangers; this is not the place to excite alarm. It is our business to cheer and animate." And, acting in the true spirit of his advice, he immediately, pointing to a bunch of little gentians, cried out: "See how pretty they are! Look at these charming little flowers."

One might have thought Mrs. Sigourney's beautiful stanzas on "Alpine Flowers" had been written to commemorate the striking adventure of the *mauvais pas*. Here they are:—

"Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs,
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,

* This hardy little plant well deserves the name of Snowy (Nivalis), for in the Alps it is only to be found about the limits of perpetual frost; and in our own country has been discovered nowhere but on the summits of one or two of the highest mountains in Scotland. Its flowers, of a beautiful ultra-marine blue, must appear all the more striking in contrast with the white snows or craggy precipices amid which they bloom.

* See "Leisure Hour," Vol. I, No. 15.



THE WILD ASS.

Whence are ye? Did some white-winged messenger,
On Mercy's missions, trust your timid germs
To the cold cradle of eternal snows;
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?

* * * * * Man, who panting toils
O'er slippery steeps, or trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Into eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty."

There is nothing, after all, like one's first love; and so, by way of conclusion, I will say a few parting words about the Heart's-ease, the sight of which—a little wild straggler to my flower-bed—gave rise to these thoughts about memorial flowers. By what name shall we call it? for it is indeed the flower of many names. The French word for it is *pensée*, suggestive of thought. As Shakespeare makes poor Ophelia say—

"There is pansies;
That's for thought."

It was early held sacred to St. Valentine—the saint of loving soft-billed birds; and "maidens call it Love-in-Idleness." But, after all, Heart's-ease is its most familiar household name, by which we love it best: as some one sweetly sings—

"And thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing
To hearts that own our nature's common lot:
Thou, styled by sportive Fancy's better feelings
'A thought,' the Heart's-ease."

With all these thoughts and feelings associated with it, and represented by it, it is a flower dear alike to humblest and highest spirits; and its crowning charm of all is,

"That, whilst exotics only flower
In cultured soil, and sheltered bower,
Heart's-ease may be alike the dower
Of peasant and of lord."

THE WILD ASS.

THE wild ass, koulán, onager, or onagrus, also called ghore-khur, or ghoor-khur, is spread from Tartary throughout Mesopotamia, Syria, and various portions of Arabia, extending into northern Africa. It is unquestionably the original stock of the domestic ass, which, except in degradation of character, resembles in all essentials the free-born tenant of the rocky wilderness: both are scions of the same ancestry. From the many allusions to the domestic ass in the Scriptures, to which we need not advert, it would seem that this animal was reclaimed for service to man at an earlier period than the horse; and certainly it was in use throughout Syria, Arabia, and Egypt, before the introduction of the horse by nomadic hordes from the table-lands of central Asia.

It would seem, moreover, that the subjugation of the young wild ass is not very difficult, and that in the present day it is often accomplished by the Arabs of Mesopotamia. Mr. Layard, who

met with the wild ass in plains bordering the mountain district of the Sinjar (west of Mosul, and the adjacent ruins of Nineveh on the Tigris), informs us that the Arabs sometimes catch the foals during the spring, and bring them up with milk in their tents. He adds: "I endeavoured in vain to obtain a pair. They are of a light fawn colour, almost pink. The Arabs still eat their flesh."

As Mr. Layard's notice of these animals is almost like a commentary on the description of the wild ass in the book of Job, we may be well pardoned for transcribing it. The scene occurred in the desert between Mirkan and Tel-Afer (probably the Telassar of Isaiah, xxxvii. 12): "As evening approached, we saw congregated near a small stream, what appeared to be a large company of dismounted Arabs, their horses standing by them. As we were already near them, and could not have escaped the watchful eye of the Bedouin, we prepared for an encounter. We approached cautiously, and were surprised to see that the horses still remained without their riders; we drew still nearer, when they galloped off towards the desert. They were wild asses. We attempted to follow them; after running a little distance they stopped to gaze at us, and I got sufficiently near to see them quite well; but as soon as they found that we were in pursuit, they hastened their speed and were soon lost in the distance. In fleetness they equal the gazelle; and to overtake them is a feat which only one or two of the most celebrated mares have been known to accomplish."

Mr. Layard in a note refers us to Xenophon, who, it may be remembered, conducted his troops through the plains bordering the Sinjar, and faithfully describes the country, and the quadrupeds and birds that inhabit it, except that the ostrich is not now to be found so far north, though it still tenants Arabia Deserta. The country, as Xenophon states, was a vast plain, as even as the sea, and full of wormwood. If any other kinds of shrubs grew there they had an aromatic smell; but no trees appeared. Of wild creatures the most numerous were wild asses, and not a few ostriches, besides bustards and gazelles, which our horsemen sometimes chased. The asses, when they were pursued, having gained ground of the horses, stood still (for they exceeded them much in speed), and when the latter came up with them, they did the same again; so that our horsemen could take them by no other means but by dividing themselves into relays, and succeeding one another in the chase. The flesh of those that were taken was like that of the red deer, but more tender.

We may easily imagine how, in seasons of dearth, the wild ass, together with the gazelles and other tenants of the desert, would suffer; and, indeed, occurrences of this kind are not unfrequent. It is to such a wide-spread dearth that Jeremiah alludes, when he says: "Yea, the hind also calved in the field, and forsook it because there was no grass; and the wild asses did stand in the high places; they snuffed up the wind like dragons; their eyes did fail because there was no grass."

We learn from Varro that the onager was easily domesticated, but that the domesticated breed never became wild again; and Pliny states that the domestic breeds were always improved by crossing with wild animals. It is by no means improbable

that to this cause is owing the great superiority, both in beauty and spirit, which the oriental ass exhibits in comparison with its degraded relative in western Europe.

Burckhardt informs us that wild asses are met with in great numbers in Arabia Petraea, near the gulf of Akaba. The Sherarat Arabs, he adds, "hunt them and eat their flesh, but not before strangers. They sell their skins and hoofs to the peddlers of Damascus, and to the people of the Hauran. The hoofs furnish materials for rings, which are worn by the peasants on their thumbs or fastened under the armpits, as amulets against rheumatism." The skins of the wild ass, according to Rauwolf, who saw many during his journey from Tripoli to Aleppo, are manufactured into scabbards for swords and daggers.

From Arabia, the wild ass extends over certain portions of northern Africa, and even into the island of Socotra, off Cape Guardafui, where it was seen by Lieutenant Welsted, who says: "Amidst the hills over Tamarida, and on the plains contiguous, there were a great number of asses, which were described to me as different from the domestic ass." This difference, however, he could not see, and was inclined to regard them as emancipated animals, set free on the introduction of camels; at the same time, he describes their manners as those of the wild ass. "They wander about in troops of ten or twelve, evincing little fear, unless approached very near, when they dart away with much rapidity."* It was from the deserts of northern Africa that the Romans chiefly obtained the wild ass—an object of curiosity in the exhibitions of the circus. Not, however, for the purpose of exhibition only, was the wild ass brought to Rome; on the contrary, it was valued because, being fierce and strong, it displayed great courage and obstinacy in the barbarous combats of the amphitheatre, and defended itself with extraordinary vigour. Moreover, the wild ass, or rather the young colt of the wild ass, was accounted by the epicures an especial delicacy, and so were sucking puppy dogs. It was at this stage called *Lalisio*, and is alluded to by Martial, in an epigram, or rather couplet, which we may thus literally translate: "When the wild ass (onager) is tender, and is fed by the mother only, it is *Lalisio*; it has this name when very young, and but for a short time."

The wild ass occurs along the Nile above the cataracts, and is abundant in the upland plains, and between the table-hills below Gous Regein and the Bahar-el Abiad in Athara, and it was probably from the African stock that the ancient Egyptians derived their domesticated breed. There is a painting in the British Museum exhibiting in the upper compartment two horses yoked to a chariot; and in the lower, two well-formed asses similarly attached. The shoulder-stripe is very conspicuous. We are here reminded that the Scythians used asses in their chariots, both in war and on ordinary occasions; and Herodotus enumerates amongst the army of Xerxes, Indians who had led horses, together with chariots drawn by horses and wild asses.

In general temper and disposition, as well as

* Journal of the Geological Society, 1835.

in physical characteristics, the ass, whatever the species may be, differs essentially from the horse. Its obstinacy and cunning are proverbial; it is wary, patient, laborious, and persevering, but not energetic, and is content with simple fare—coarse and scanty herbage. It is, however, less capable of enduring cold than the horse, and hence it is scarcely ever to be seen in northern Europe, that is, Norway, Sweden, etc., and we believe is never bred there.

It would seem that the ass was known in England in the time of Ethelred; but it was rare and costly, and it most probably became afterwards extinct—one of the results of a long series of wars. Even in the time of Elizabeth, the ass was extremely scarce, and indeed its existence then, within the boundaries of our island, may be questioned.

At the same time, it must be conceded that the treatment which the domestic ass ordinarily experiences, both in our country and on the adjacent portion of the continent, is not such as to elicit the development of its better qualities. We must in fairness judge of the ass, not by what it is in western Europe, but by what it displays itself to be in southern Europe (Spain, for example), and in Asia Minor and Egypt. In these countries it has lost less of its original nature; it is less far removed from the localities of its wild kindred. The long occupation of the southern and mountainous districts of Spain by the Moors must not here be forgotten, and to these Arab tribes, a conquering horde, the high-bred tall Spanish ass owes its introduction. It is in the old Moorish provinces that the finest asses in Spain are still to be found. The Bible history of the domestic ass is too generally known to need our comments. It was among the riches of the patriarchs. It was ridden by great men, by princes, magnates, and prophets; and the white variety was held in especial esteem. It was the highly-prized beast of civil life, in contradistinction to the horse, which was ordinarily appropriated to the requirements of war. It was upon an ass that Christ rode through the streets of Jerusalem, when the multitude shouted, "Hosanna in the highest." In the present day, the most beautiful and high-bred asses are to be found in Arabia. They are described by Chardin as tall, clean-limbed, swift, and easy in their pace. There are, however, various breeds, some of considerable inferiority.

The domestic ass is perhaps less modified by cultivation than the horse; it has never lost the indications which prove that the original stock was destined by natural conformation for a dry, arid, rugged, mountainous country. The hoofs, unlike those of the horse, are long, concave beneath, with extremely sharp rims, and are admirably adapted for treading with security on rough declivities, which, as experience has fully taught, are ill-suited for the round flat hoof of the horse. The dislike of the ass to wet or marshy ground is well known; it avoids a road-side puddle, as if disliking to tread on the mire. On the other hand, it loves to roll itself on the warm dry dust of roads or sandy places, as if it still remembered the desert home of its ancient progenitors; it prefers the dry and prickly thistle and rough coarse herbage to the succulent produce of the

alluvial pasturage; it is patient of thirst, drinking little, and then only sipping from the surface, which it merely touches with its lips. The skin is dry and hard, and seldom or never is the hair seen streaming with perspiration; it is more insensible than that of the horse, and consequently a slight goad, as used of old, if not too severely applied, is far better than a cudgel for stimulating the animal into action; for heavy blows injure muscles and bones. The peculiar consistence of the skin of the ass renders it very valuable; it is converted into close smooth vellum, and into unporous sheaths for swords of the first polish.

One word on the medicinal qualities of the milk of the female ass. It contains much saccharine matter, and but little butter; hence it is capable of being digested by stomachs unequal to the task of assimilating the richer milk of the cow. The following comparative table, by Parmentier and Desyeux may not be unacceptable.

FOR BUTTER.	CHEESE.	SUGAR.	WHEY.
1 Sheep	1 Goat	1 Ass	1 Ass
2 Cow	2 Sheep	2 Mare	2 Mare
3 Goat	3 Cow	3 Cow	3 Cow
4 Ass	4 Ass	4 Goat	4 Goat
5 Mare	5 Mare	5 Sheep	5 Sheep

JOHN TRYER, THE SELF-HELPER.

A STORY FOR BOYS, ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER II.

THE voyage began prosperously. They sailed through the strait, by Calais, into the Channel, without any adverse circumstances, till they came into the Atlantic Ocean. At last they reached the island of Madeira, which lies near Africa, above the Canary Isles. This island belongs to the Portuguese. Madeira wine is exported from it; the sugar-cane is cultivated, and the Canary birds were found there. John was never tired of the glorious prospect afforded by this beautiful island. As far as his eye could reach, he saw mountains covered with vines. His mouth watered for the delicious grapes, and he was delighted with the captain's permission to eat freely of them.

The captain being obliged to tarry some time to repair his vessel, John became weary of the delay. His impatient spirit longed for further change, and he wished he could fly over the world faster. Meantime, a Portuguese vessel arrived from Lisbon, sailing for Brazil in America. John made acquaintance with the master, and when he heard of the gold and jewels of that region, he would gladly have gone to Brazil, to fill, as he supposed, his pockets with them; for he did not know that these riches then belonged to the king of Portugal. As the Portuguese captain was willing to take him free, and he found that the English ship might be obliged to lie by a fortnight longer, he could not repress his desire to travel further, and told his friend, the English captain, that he wished to leave him to go to Brazil. This man having learned, in the voyage out, that John was rambling about the world without the knowledge

of his parents, and having made some unpleasant discoveries as to the obstinacy of his temper, was rejoiced to be free from him. So John stepped on board the Portuguese vessel, and they sailed for Brazil. They passed the island of Teneriffe, on which they discerned the lofty peak. It was a lovely prospect when the sun had set and it grew dark on the sea, to view the top of this, one of the highest mountains in the world, still glowing with the sun-beams, as if it were on fire.

After some days they observed a very beautiful appearance on the sea. A multitude of flying fishes rose above the surface of the water, shining like burnished silver, so as to cast a brilliant reflection like rays of light. The voyage continued pleasant for some days; but suddenly a violent storm arose from the south-east. The waves foamed, and the ship was so driven about for six days, that the captain knew not where they were. He thought, however, that they might be near the Caribbee Islands. On the seventh day, at dawn, a boatman called out suddenly, to the joy of all, "Land!" Every one ran on deck to see what land it was; but in a moment their joy was changed to terror, for crash went the vessel against a rock, and all on deck received such a shock as to throw them down.

The ship had run upon a rock, and was instantly fixed there firmly. The waves at once poured over the deck, so that the men were obliged to take refuge in the cabins, lest they should be washed overboard. They were loud in their lamentations: some prayed, some cried, some stood petrified with despair. John was among the latter. His sin, in disobeying his parents, rose up to his mind in all its magnitude at that awful moment. Suddenly there was a cry, "The ship has split!" This terrible news aroused all. They ran on deck immediately, let down the boat with speed, and all sprang in. But the number was so great that the boat stood scarcely a hand high. Land was still so distant, and the storm so violent, that it seemed impossible to gain the shore. However, they did their utmost in rowing, and the wind drove them landwards. Suddenly they beheld a terrific wave rolling on towards the boat. The dreadful prospect confounded them; they dropped their oars; the awful moment approached; the wave reached them, the boat upset, and all sank into the raging sea.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the boat upset, John, with the rest of his companions, was plunged into the sea. But the same mighty wave which had swallowed them up, carried him along with violence and dashed him against the shore. He was thrown with such force against a rock, that the pain awoke him from the death-like torpor into which he had sunk. He opened his eyes, and seeing himself so unexpectedly on dry land, he collected all his strength to climb up the shore. He succeeded, and then fell down exhausted, and remained unconscious a long time. When at length he again opened his eyes, raised himself, and looked around, what a sight! nothing was to be seen of the boat or of his comrades, except some broken planks driven ashore by the waves. He alone had escaped destruction.

Trembling between joy and fear, he fell on his knees, and raised his hands to heaven to thank the Lord of heaven and earth, who had so wonderfully preserved him. The all-wise God had his own wise and good reasons for allowing the crew to perish and preserving John Tryer alone. We cannot understand these reasons. We make our humble guesses, but we must not suppose that we can know fully. For example: God might foresee that a longer life would be more injurious than useful to those he permitted to be drowned, and therefore he removed them from earth. But he permitted John a longer life, that he might improve by affliction. God is so kind a father, that he seeks to make men better even by suffering, when they will not be bettered by prosperity and indulgence. Let us think of this in our future lives, when events happen, by our heavenly Father's appointment, which we do not understand. God knows better than we do what is good for us, and we must patiently bear what he ordains. He sends trouble that we may become better than we are; let it have this effect, and God will make it well with us again.

When John perceived what great danger he had passed through, and that he was now forsaken by all men, he felt in his inmost heart how wrongly he had acted. He prayed for God's forgiveness, for the Saviour's sake, upon his knees, and firmly resolved, with God's help, never again wilfully to do what he knew was not right.

After his joy at his escape was abated, he began to reflect on his situation. He looked about, but saw nothing except wild thickets and barren trees. No sign that the land was inhabited. This was a terrible thought. He must live all alone in a strange land. What if there should be wild beasts or wild men, from whom he could not be secure? He was afraid to stir from the spot; the least noise alarmed him. At last, however, he was so thirsty, that he could bear it no longer, and was forced to seek for a spring or brook. Happily, he found a beautiful clear spring. Oh, what a blessing is a draught of water to one tormented with thirst! John thanked God for it, and hoped that food also would be provided for him. "He who feeds the birds," he thought, "will surely not let me starve." He did not feel very hungry as yet, for fear and anxiety had taken away his appetite. But he longed for rest. He was so weary with all his sufferings, that he could scarcely stand. Where should he spend the night? On the bare ground, under the open sky, wild beasts or savages might come and destroy him. No hut or shelter was to be seen, and he remained a long time disconsolate, not knowing what to do. Ah! how bitterly at that moment did he regret having entered upon this voyage without his father's consent.

At last he thought it best to get up into a tree, and soon found one, among whose thick branches he could conveniently sit and lean back. So, having climbed up, and made a prayer to God for protection, he soon fell asleep. During sleep, he dreamed of what had passed the previous day. His parents, also, came to his mind; and he imagined them lamenting and weeping for him, and taking no comfort. Cold sweat dropped from his limbs. He cried out, "Here am I, dear

parents;" and while thus calling out, he tried to embrace them, and gave a start in his sleep, which caused him to fall from the tree. Happily he had not climbed up very high; and the ground was so thickly covered with grass, that his fall was not very hard, and he only felt bruised on the side on which he fell. But his mind had suffered so much in his dream, that he heeded not the bruise, and climbed up again to remain there till the sun rose.

He now began to reflect how he should obtain food. He had no bread, meat, vegetables, or milk, and no fire to cook anything. All the trees, he observed, were barren of fruits, and were chiefly the logwood tree, which is used for dyeing. This species grows in some parts of America, and is often imported into Europe. When the wood is boiled in water, a dark red dye is obtained, and this is used to shade other colours.

Uncertain what he should do, John descended from the tree. Having eaten nothing the day before, he began to feel terribly hungry, and his anxiety became extreme. "I shall die of hunger," he exclaimed; and he cried and wept aloud. Necessity gave him courage and strength to run along the shore, and see whether he could not discover something eatable. But in vain. Nothing but logwood trees and Indian willow trees, grass and sand, were to be seen. Weary and exhausted, he threw himself down with his face to the earth. While in this sad condition, he accidentally turned, and saw a sea-hawk flying through the air with a captured fish. Suddenly these words, which he had once read somewhere, occurred to him: "God who feeds the ravens will not forget men. He who is great in small things, will be greater in great things."

John now blamed himself for his want of trust in divine Providence, and immediately rose from the ground, resolving to go as far as his strength would allow. He continued to wander along the coast, looking on all sides to discover any sort of food. At last he saw some oyster shells lying on the sand. He ran eagerly to the place, and carefully searched whether some of them might not have fish. To his great joy he succeeded. Oysters live in the sea, where they fasten to the rocks, one over another. This is called an oyster-bed. But many oysters are washed away by the waves, and carried ashore with the tide, which leaves them there when it ebbs. By breaking some of these with stones, John could now appease his craving hunger. This, it is true, he found not sufficient to satisfy him, but he was content to have something to eat. His next great care was, where should he dwell for the future, so as to be secure from savages and wild beasts. His first night's rest had been so uncomfortable, that he shuddered at the idea of going through the same trouble again. He could not attempt to build a house, because he had not a single tool. He had only his own hands to assist him. He might manage to make a hut of branches from the trees. But would this protect him from serpents, wolves, panthers, or any wild beasts? At the thought of his helpless condition, the poor fellow sank into his former despair. "What avails it," he thought, "that I have escaped from death by hunger? Perhaps this very

night I shall be torn to pieces by wild beasts." His fancy conjured up a fierce tiger already near him, and ready to seize him. He cried out, "Oh, my poor parents!" and sank on the ground.

After he had lain thus for some time, struggling with anguish and despair, a hymn he had sometimes heard his mother sing came into his mind. It began thus:—

"He who trusts to God's kind rule,
Hoping ever in his name,
Even in affliction's school
His all-powerful aid may claim,
And, amidst the tempest's shock,
Still is built upon a rock."

This was a restorative to him. He repeated it several times in his inmost heart, and then began to sing it aloud. After this he rose up and went to see if he could not discover a cave, where he might form some safe dwelling-place.

As yet John knew not where he was—whether upon an island or on the continent of America; but he saw in the distance a mountain, so he proceeded towards it. On his way he observed with sorrow that the country produced nothing but barren trees and grass. We may conceive what he felt at the prospect before him. With much trouble he climbed the mountain, which was tolerably high; from thence he could view the neighbourhood round for several miles. He then saw with horror that he was indeed upon an island, and that as far as the eye could reach no land was visible, except some small islands a few miles off.

"Then it is too true," he cried, "that I am separated from all men, forsaken by all, and have no hope of ever being rescued from this mournful solitude. Oh! my poor afflicted parents, I shall never see you more; never be able to beg your forgiveness for my faults; never again hear the sweet voice of a friend or of a man! But I deserve my fate. O God, thou art just in thy punishment—I dare not complain."

Incapable of thinking, like one in a dream, he stood fixed to the spot, looking on the ground. "Utterly forsaken!" was his only idea. At last another verse from the same hymn happily occurred to him:—

"In thine hour of deep distress,
Think not God forsaketh thee,
Or that, midst his happiness,
He regards thee carelessly.
Time a blessed change may bring,
And thy sorrows lose their sting."

John threw himself on his knees, earnestly promising patience and submission under his sufferings, and praying for strength to bear them. He now found the benefit of having had pious parents, who had implanted religious truth into his mind, and stored his memory with such consoling verses. What could he now have done without the knowledge of God, as the kind, almighty, and ever-present Father of all who truly call upon him? He might have perished in despair and anguish; but the remembrance of these truths gave him fresh consolation and courage when he was sinking with misery.

John again revived, and began to climb about the mountain. His efforts to find a secure place for his dwelling were for a long time vain. At last he came to a small mountain, which was perpen-

dicular on the nearer side. On examining this side more closely, he found a cave with a small entrance. Had he but possessed a pickaxe, hammer, and other tools, nothing would have been more easy than to enlarge this opening, which was partly rocky, and make it suitable for a dwelling. But he had none, so he had to consider how he could manage without them. After musing for some time, he concluded thus: "The trees about here seem to be the kind of willow trees of my own country, which are easily transplanted. I will pull up a number of these young trees with my hands, and will plant them so thickly before this cave that they shall be like a wall, when they take root and grow. I shall sleep as safely in this space as if I were in a house. The steep rock protects me from behind, and these trees will do so on the front and sides."

John was delighted with this idea, and immediately set about executing it. To his great joy he saw a beautiful clear spring bubbling forth from the mountain near this spot. He hastened to revive himself by a fresh draught; for he was very thirsty with running about in the burning sunshine. He next pulled up some young trees with great trouble, and carried them to the place he had fixed on as his dwelling. Then he had to scrape a hole for planting the trees. All this occupied some time, and evening drew on before he had planted more than five or six trees. Hunger now drove him again to the beach to seek more oysters; but it was unfortunately high tide, and none could be found; so he had to be content to go to bed without supper.

That he might not suffer in the same way as on the former night, he fastened himself to a branch of a tree, against which he might lean, and, commending himself to his Creator's care, he fell quietly asleep.

Necessity teaches us many things, which else we should not know. The good God has therefore so ordered the earth, and us his creatures, that we can only satisfy our wants by consideration and invention; and we owe it to these wants that we become wise and intelligent. If, as the saying is, "roasted pigeons flew into our mouths"—if our houses, clothes, food, drink, and other necessities grew out of the ground, ready for use—we should have nothing to do but to eat, drink, and sleep, and might continue through life as stupid as the cattle. Even Adam, in Paradise, was commanded to dress the garden and keep it, showing us that God never intended us for idleness, but that work and happiness always go together.

ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

It was towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV. when that monarch imagined that he was establishing the decrees of his government upon the obligations of religion, that theology and metaphysics became fashionable studies; the various parties at court imagining that in them they found inexhaustible arsenals whence they might select their weapons for attack or defence. The law of the church had become that of the state, and

crowds of distinguished persons, who had hitherto complied with the ceremonials of worship from habit and the accident of education, without being at the pains of inquiry, suddenly became sceptical in matters of religion, through motives of policy; for, according to the current notions, to establish the errors of the believers in Christianity was to attack the fountain of authority at its source, and convict the throne of tyranny and injustice.

At that period (says the narrator of the following scene) I was living at Paris. It was one of the hottest days of summer; the sun, pursuing his course in mid-sky, shed such intolerable radiance upon the waters of the river, the roofs of the palaces, and the tops of the trees, that my vision was oppressed with the glare, and I sought relief in the shade. Desirous of solitude and meditation, I repaired to the unbragging avenue of the Cours-la-Reine; there, in lonely reverie, I was reflecting on the power and benevolence of the Creator, and the innumerable incentives which man has to the exercise of gratitude and praise, when I heard myself accosted familiarly by an acquaintance—a self-constituted metaphysician and professor of logic, whose passion was reasoning, and who wanted but reason to make him an adept in his art.

All his motions seemed actuated by a satisfaction which he could not contain; his eye sparkled with joy; and so soon as I had caught sight of him, he entered at once into conversation, like a man who, bursting with impatience to impart great tidings, has no time to throw away in the empty formalities of ceremony. "My friend," said he, "congratulate me; I have been engaged in a most interesting work upon the *soul*. I have made a grand discovery, and am at length in the condition to prove that what men call the soul is but a word—an empty word—void of signification, and that neither you nor I, nor anybody else, ever had a soul!"

"Stop a moment," said I, recoiling from his proffered embrace; "empty words and void of signification, are those you have just pronounced; you may rank yourself with the brutes if you choose; permit me to decline that honour."

"Calm yourself, my friend," said he; "I knew you would not surrender without proofs, but, thanks be to philosophy, I can furnish them. Let us reason coolly, for I am going to combat this ideal existence of the soul, not by vain declamations, too common at the present day, but by triumphant arguments derived from the perpetual contradictions of a host of learned and, as you esteem them, wise men, who have treated of this subject. Now, as Quintilian says, 'When men of intellect, acknowledged as such, cannot, after entire ages of impartial discussion, agree concerning a cause or an effect, we are justified in denying both;' and as this is a recognised maxim among philosophers, who by its means have settled the question of ghosts, phantoms, and spectres, in asserting a negation, which negation is the sole truth—therefore I set out with this principle, and hasten to put my first question: What is the soul?—'A nature always in motion,' says Thales;—'A self-existent quantity,' says Pythagoras;—'A subtle air,' says Plutarch;—'It is rather an active fire,' says Aristotle;—'You deceive yourselves,' says Hipponius, 'It is an ethereal fluid;—' You

should rather say it is a composition of earth and water,' says Anaximander;—'Silence, you are all partly wrong,' cries Empedocles, 'it is a mixture of all the elements.' Whereupon a thousand voices are babbling at once: 'It is a simple essence,' says one; 'No, it is a compound,' says another; a third declares it is a 'celestial flame'; a fourth, that it is a 'mere harmony'; a fifth, that it is a 'cohesion of infinitesimal atoms'; while a sixth will have it that it is 'a portion of the divinity'; and a seventh contends that it is 'nothing but a conflict of the senses.' Then, where is its seat? Hippocrates places it in the vestibule of the brain; Epicurus in the stomach; Erasistratus makes it serve for an envelope to the head; while Strabo contents himself with placing it between the eye-brows. 'It is in the blood,' says Critias;—'Yes, in the heart,' adds Empedocles;—'Say rather in the diaphragm,' contends Plutarch;—'Stuff!' says Descartes, 'it is in the pineal gland.' Now, after so many evident contradictions, and centuries of doubt, I invoke the principle of Quintilian—I apply my negation, and declare boldly that the soul is but a dream of our good ancestors, which the full light of reason will banish for ever, with the philosopher's stone and the histories of hobgoblins."

While he was thus speaking, we had wandered from the green alleys under which my logician had found me meditating, and the river ran lazily at our feet in an uninclosed spot, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. "My friend," said I, seizing him forcibly by the arm, and constraining him to remain immovable before me, to shield me from the more oppressive influence of the sun, "I very much admire your mode of reasoning; in thus striking at the foundations of a contested subject, you have got rid of so many serious difficulties, that really I am tempted to experiment in your way of thinking and reasoning. Really you and Quintilian are two very clever fellows."

"You flatter me," said he; "but permit me to take a more convenient position to receive your compliments; for, I assure you I feel as though I were frying in the sun."

"What, the sun! You, the foe of prejudice, can you not free yourself from such a simple one as that? You believe in the sun?"

"The sun a prejudice! My good sir, I am forced to believe in it; it is burning me up."

"Let us reason coolly," said I, fixing him in his former position. "I had hitherto believed that this admirable harmony of nature—the grandeur of man, the might of his intellect—the marvellous spectacle of an entire creation submitted to his industry—his reason governing the tempest of his fiery passions—all sufficiently indicated the distance which separates him from other animals; but now that, by the law of contradictions, you have demonstrated that his intellect is nought but base matter, and that his existence is without an object, permit me in my turn, by the same arguments, to cure you of your error relative to the sun."

"What is the sun? Is it a cloud enflamed, a burning rock, a fire that extinguishes and renews itself, a mirror, a fifth element, a composition of different fires, a spiritual flame, a globe which transmits rays of light, or receives them, as Xeno-

phon, Metrodorus, Democritus, Philolaus, Aristotle, Plato, Antisthenes, Pythagoras, and Newton have in their turn averred? Then, how large is it? Heraclitus gives it a diameter of one foot; Anaxagoras extends it to the size of the Peloponnesus; Anaximander makes it the size of the earth; while Eudoxis believes it nine times, and Thales sixty times as large as the moon; Lucretius says it is just the size it appears to be; and Anaximene reduces its circumference to that of a leaf; and, lastly, Cassini pronounces it a million times bigger than the whole earth."

"Agreed, agreed! but it burns me."

"It cannot burn you if it does not exist, of which I am going logically to convince you. Let me proceed. Xenophon asserts that each zone has its particular sun; Empedocles admits two; thus you see contradiction on every side; I invoke, therefore, the principle of Quintilian and your own, and declare boldly that the existence of the sun is but a dream of our good ancestors."

"Believe what you like," cried my enraged reasoner, bursting violently from my grasp, "but your negative has damaged the membranes of my brain by keeping me here in the heat."

"Go and recover yourself," said I; "and, sage logician as you are, endeavour to comprehend that the immortal soul is to the moral creation what the sun is to the material: man and sovereign of the earth, cease to pride yourself on treading your glory under your feet, and renouncing your immortality."

WHEN IS A MAN RICH ENOUGH?

WHEN a lad, an old gentleman took the trouble to teach me some little knowledge of the world. With this view I remember he one day asked me, "When is a man rich enough?" I replied, "When he has a thousand pounds." He said, "No." "Two thousand?" "No." "Ten thousand?" "No." "A hundred thousand?" which I thought would settle the business; but he still continued to say "no." I gave it up, and confessed I could not tell, but begged that he would inform me. He gravely said, "*When he has a little more than he has, and that is never!* If he acquires one thousand, he wishes to have two thousand, then five, then twenty, then fifty; from that his riches would amount to one hundred thousand, and so on till he had grasped the whole world, after which he would look about him, like Alexander, for other worlds to possess." Many a proof have I had of the old gentleman's remarks since he made them to me, and I am happy to say, I have discovered the reason. Full enjoyment, full satisfaction to the mind of man, can only be found in possessing God, with all his infinite perfections. It is only the Creator, and not the creature, that can satisfy.

WHATEVER we give up to God, he will give it back to us, unspeakably to our advantage. Our hearts, our children, our estates, are never more ours, more truly, more comfortably ours, than when we have offered them up to God.

WHAT is given in alms in a right manner is put out to the best interest upon the best security.

If God be our friend, no matter who is our enemy.

Varieties.

HOW THE POLICE ARE RECRUITED.—As every policeman must be able to read and write, have a good character, and be of sound body and mind, the mere overflowings of the labour market are excluded from the force; moreover, persons can always leave the service by giving a month's notice. For these reasons a much more intelligent class of men recruit the police than the army, and it is singular to note how this intelligence tells. The drill of constables and soldiers is nearly alike, yet the former learn all their movements in a fortnight, whilst the latter require at least two months. Intelligence of a certain kind, however, may be carried too far: your sharp Londoner makes a very bad policeman; he is too volatile and conceited to submit himself to discipline, and is oftener rejected than persons from other parts, with whom eight-tenths of the force are recruited. The best constables come from the provincial cities and towns. They are both quicker and more "plucky" than the mere countryman fresh from the village—a singular fact, which proves that manly vigour, both physical and mental, is to be found in populations neither too aggregated nor entirely isolated.—*Quarterly Review*.

TOMBS OF ESTHER AND MORDECAI.—In the centre of Hamadan (formerly the capital of Persia) is the tomb of Ali Ben Sina, and not far from it are those of Esther and Mordecai, which are held in great veneration by the Jews of this town, and kept in a perfect state of repair. On the dome over these tombs is an inscription, of which the following is the translation: "On Thursday, the 15th of the month of Adar, in the year of the creation of the world 4474, the building of this temple over the tombs of Mordecai and Esther was finished by the hands of the two benevolent brothers Elias and Samuel, sons of the late Ismael of Kachan." It is now, therefore, nearly eleven centuries and a half since this monument was constructed. The tombs are made of a rather hard black wood, which has suffered little from the effects of time. They are covered with Hebrew inscriptions, still very legible, of which Sir John Malcolm has given the following translation:—"At that time there was in the palace of Suza a certain Jew, of the name of Mordecai: he was the son of Jair of Shimei, who was the son of Kiah, a Benjamite, for Mordecai the Jew was the second of that name under the king Ahasuerus, a man much distinguished among the Jews, and enjoying great consideration amongst his own people, anxious for their welfare, and seeking to promote the peace of all Asia."—*Ferrier's Caravan Journeys and Wanderings*.

THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET MOST USED IN COMPOSITION.—A very correct idea has been formed by examining the printer's case and the type-founder's scale, of the relative frequency with which the different letters of the alphabet are used. It has been found, on separating the letters which form words in any printed document, that for every 100 of the letter *z* distributed there are 200 of *x*, 400 of *k*, 800 of *b*, 1500 of *c*, 4000 each of *i*, *n*, *o*, and *s*; 4250 of *a*, 4500 of *t*, and 6000 of *e*. Thus it will be seen that the letter *e* is most used, and *t*, *a*, *i*, *n*, *o*, and *s*, are next in frequency of demand.

A MOSLEM MERCHANT.—You will bear in mind, if you please, that I am a Moslem merchant, a character not to be confounded with the notable individuals seen on 'Change. Mercator in the East is a compound of tradesman, divine, and T. G. Usually of gentle birth, he is everywhere welcomed and respected; and he bears in his mind and manner that, if Allah please, he may become Prime Minister a month after he has sold you a yard of cloth. Commerce appears to be an accident, not an essential, with him; yet he is by no means deficient in acumen. He is a grave and reverend signor, with rosary in hand and Koran on lip, is generally a pilgrim, talks at dreary length about Holy Places, writes a pretty hand, and has read and can recite much poetry, is master of his religion, demeans himself with respectability, is perfect in all points of ceremony and politeness, and feels equally at home whether sultan or slave sits upon his counter. He has a wife and children in his own country, where he intends to spend the remnant of his days; but "the world is uncertain"—"Pate descends, and man's eye seeth it not"—"the earth

is a charnel house;" briefly, his many wise saws give him a kind of theoretical consciousness that his bones may moulder in other places but his fatherland.—*Burton's East Africa*.

THE USE OF ROSES BY THE ANCIENT ROMANS.—When Nero honoured the house of a Roman noble with his imperial presence at dinner, there was something more than the flowers; the host was put to an enormous expense by having (according to royal custom) all his fountains flinging up rose-water. While the jets were pouring out the fragrant liquid, while rose-leaves were on the ground, in the cushions on which the guests lay, hanging in garlands on their brows and in wreaths around their necks, the *couleur de rose* pervaded the dinner itself, and a rose pudding challenged the appetites of the guests. To encourage digestion there was rose-wine, which Helio-gabalus was not only simple enough to drink, but extravagant enough to bathe in. He went even further, by having the public swimming-baths filled with wine of roses and absinth. After breathing, wearing, eating, drinking, lying on, walking over, and sleeping upon roses, it is not wonderful that the unhappy ancient grew sick. His medical man touched his liver, and immediately gave him a rose draught. Whatever he ailed, the rose was made in some fashion or another to enter into the remedy for his recovery. If the patient died, as he naturally would, then of him, more than of any other, it might be truly said that he "died of a rose in aromatic pain."—*Athenæum*.

HOW TO GET A TIGHT RING OFF A FINGER.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with strong thread; pass the head of the needle, with care, under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread, and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

THE VELOCITY OF WINDS varies, from the gentlest breeze or an imperceptible movement, to a hundred miles an hour. Light airs may be considered as moving at the rate of from one to three miles an hour, or from a foot and a half to four feet and two-fifths, per second; a breeze, from four to six miles an hour; a brisk gale, from ten to sixteen miles an hour; a fresh gale, from twenty to twenty-five miles; a strong gale, from thirty to thirty-five miles; a hard gale, from forty to forty-five miles; a storm or tempest, fifty miles; a great storm, sixty miles; a hurricane, eighty miles; a violent hurricane, tearing up trees, throwing down houses, etc., moves at the rate of one hundred miles an hour.—*The Atmosphere*.

DYING WORDS OF MELANCTHON.—It is related that Melancthon, just before he died, expressed a wish to hear some choice passages of Scripture read; and this desire having been met, he was asked by his son-in-law, Sabinus, whether he would have anything else, to which he replied in those emphatic words:—"Alid nihil, nisi celum," nothing else but heaven! And shortly after this he gently breathed his last. Well did one who sought to embalh his memory in verse, say:—

"His sun went down in cloudless skies,
Assured upon the morn to rise
In lovelier array;
But not like earth's declining light,
To vanish back again to night;
The zenith where he now shall glow,
No bound, no setting beam can know—
Without a cloud or shade of woe
In that eternal day."

WEIGHT OF BEES.—It is not often that insects have been weighed; but Reaumur's curiosity was excited to know the weight of bees, and he found that 336 weighed an ounce, and 5376 a pound. According to John Hunter, an ale-house pint contains 2160 workers.—*Kirby and Spence's Entomology*.